

THE ARCHON



Dummer
Academy

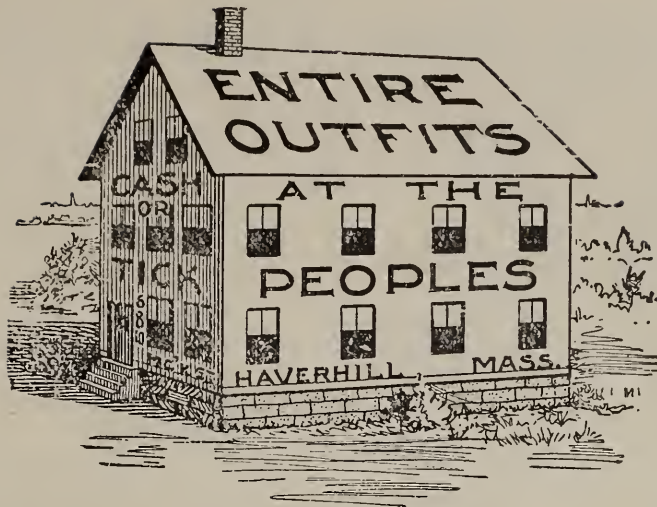


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MASTER LEON EDWIN RYTHUR

Dedication

THE CLASS OF NINETEEN HUNDRED AND SEVEN

Dedicates

THIS ISSUE OF THE ARCHON

To Master Leon E. Ryther

IN LOVING APPRECIATION OF HIS WISE
GUIDANCE AND INSPIRING
INFLUENCE



HOUSE BOYS, 1907.

THE ARCHON

Published Monthly in the Interests of the
Students of Dummer Academy

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JUNE, 1907.

No 8

CLASS STATISTICS

The class of 1907 is 628 inches tall, weighs 1,371 pounds and is 165 years old. They make a fairly decent looking crowd of fellows altogether. Some of them have especial characteristics, such as Chief Grind Cole,—Chief Fusser and Chief Eater, Ambrose. Ingalls is the handsomest man, Moseley, the homeliest. The lazy man is Redfern, the greatest athlete, Croston, sweetest singer, Sanford, strongest man, Blodgette, and wittiest, Caldwell.



JOHN C. INGALLS

PHOTOGRAPHS

RACKED UP IN VARIOUS
ROGUES' GALLERIES



JOHN PALMER INGALLS, "Shingles." Football Manager, Basketball, Baseball, Class President, Archon Staff, also President of Rubber Heel Co. and member of Hunt Club.

Shingles is the class-beauty, but three small bunches of whiskers on his cheeks and chin detract somewhat from his angelic looks. "Do I need a shave?" When Columbus arrived in Swampscott on his twenty-first voyage in the year 1037 2-3 D. A., he beheld this spring chicken listening to a shoe-horn solo by Sousa the famous balloonist. Mistaking Jack for an unbloomed genius, the great discoveror sent him to Dummer for a domestic science course.

He has been here for five years, and cannot yet keep a room tidy. One word to Jacks friends: when he starts in roughhousing just take a heel, but come back to see the ruins. They are usually pretty. Jack thinks he has had enough schooling to last him till he gets married.

60-3-12

ARTHUR HARRISON COLE. Football and Basketball Teams. Editor-in-Chief of the Archon, Vice-President of the Class of '07. Active member of the Laughters' Union.

This solemn and frolicsome young man with the automobile voice descended upon us from Haverhill, the land of the free and the home of the shoe-factories. He hopes to become famous as an evangelist, preaching in double Dutch on the possibility of it raining frogs. Arthur is described as hen-breasted, posscssing ball-bearing gums, a skim-milk complexion, Lima bean ears, buttoned down close, and a three speed walking apparatus.

As a fresh air crank he has the rest of us in the tall timbers. He enjoys the record of leading the entire school throughout the year and is an honest and industrious student. If his address for the next four years isn't P. S. Court st., it will be Bowdoin College.



ARTHUR H. COLE



GARDNER SANFORD

GARDNER SANFORD "Duke." Football Team. Secretary of Athletic Association. Class Treasurer. Hunt Club. Master of dancing and decorum.

Duke is not a lover of the fair sex, but nevertheless they seek him on the hotfoot. He has an only son named Rich, over whom he watches with tender care. As far as his sleeping propensities are concerned, two doors and a once beautiful voice have been spoiled in endeavoring to wake him up mornings. Duke shines as a humorist and makes a bright showing.

We'd like to meet that cousin of Duke's anyhow. Besides being the wit of the class, Duke is what is termed an all round good fellow. While lodging at Bowdoin next year, he intends to do Brunswick.

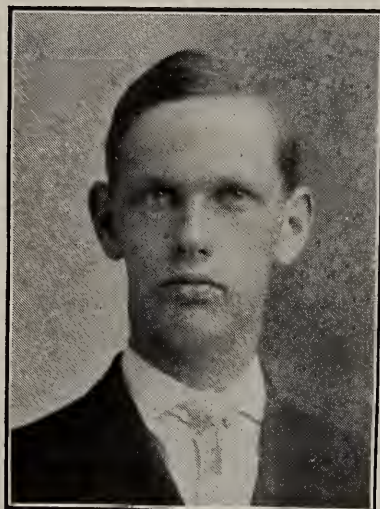
GEORGE HENRY CROSTON "Kellie." Business Manager of Archon, and whole show generally.

When there is any chance for an argument, George is always Johnnie on the spot. George must have a great deal of business ability, because he says so. He is very economical and when there is any expense which seems to him extravagant, he stands around with a face on him like the foreman of a lemon grove.

George thinks because his father is a doctor that he is one also. He is a pretty sporty fellow, but he never takes part in sports. George belongs to the 400 of Haverhill and the 33 and 1-3 of Dummer. He lives in Haverhill and vigorously upholds the present administration. George is a very congenial chap and is a great favorite among the fellows. He intends to go to Georgetown University next fall.



GEORGE H. CROSTON



PHILIP L. CALDWELL

PHILIP LORD CALDWELL. "Bunny." President of the Forum, Member of Archon Staff, Hunt Club. Also President of Byfield Cereal Corporation.

This young man comes down from Haverhill every Monday and stays till Saturday. During the interval, things are lively. He is a dead line on oatmeal. The aforesaid hangs up his hat in Room No. 81,427,903 Grange Bldg. Bunny has Silver skun a mile in the yelling department. Edison is trying to produce a record that will stand the effects of his yells, but they all crack. The overtones when Bunny plays on the piano have a tone of their own. His jokes are certainly good, no joking now. Bunny has hard work keeping in check that jovial nature in his makeup, which makes him such a popular fellow.

Every day he receives several perfumed letters, written in girlish hands from the surrounding towns. He will have to say farewell to these when he goes to Tech next fall.

FREDERICK RUSSELL MOSELEY "Mose." Football Captain, Censor of Forum, Guardian of Croston's 10.30 A. M. Lunch Counter. Member of Hunt Club.

This divine war-horse shines here as a piazza yachtsman representing the Boston Yacht Club. His ruddy cheeks, it is said, are a consequence of his once playing the title role in the "College Widow." The profuse application of dog-soap has been of no avail in removing these stage settings. Mose is a monstrous monstrosity and when muchly moved moves with momentous momentum. As for horse back-riding Mose has them all skun. We expect soon to see him in the bare back act in Barnum & Bailey's circus.

This Brookline youth is very hospitable, and his room is always open to the crowd. He will further fertilize his fertile brain with fertilizer at Brown.



F. RUSSELL MOSELEY



DONALD REDFERN

DONALD REDFERN. "Silver Heels." Secretary of the Forum. Professor in Natural History.

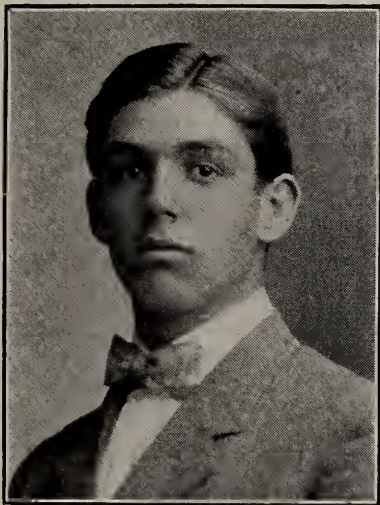
Silver believes in doing things right and accordingly parts his hair on the right side. This elephantine youth is as graceful as a Byfield electric off the track. He has a gait like a duck, and, speaking of ducks, it has been proved that he and a duck have the same ratio in water.

Don intends to resume his last year's pedallation in Europe this summer, and we have no doubt but that the Parisian models will greet him at the pier. A beautiful siren of the sea named Clarrissa lures Don on to Swampscott every week's end and he answers the call on the hotfoot. However, these things are more than balanced by his even temper and other fine qualities. He intends to walk up to Bowdoin College next year.

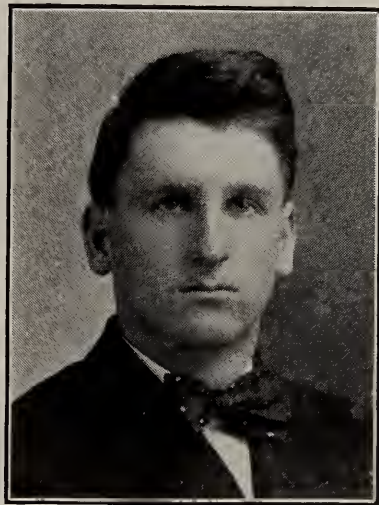
NATHANIEL AMBROSE "Nat". Football, Basketball, Captain of Baseball team.

Byfield produced this unmistakable genius in the grub line. His delightful voice has been the source of much trouble for him, as Grand Opera managers have fought for his services. His classical voice has not been appreciated here, however. Then, too, his laugh which breaks forth like the peal of a lemon usually results in the presentation of the aforesaid fruit.

Nat is a great fusser, but is not at all fussy. As a jokester he ranks with the rankest. Nat is a whole hearted fellow and the kind one likes to have back of him in trouble. His nest is in Yonkers, New York, where people are of the opinion that he is a very decent sort of lad. He intends to go to Dartmouth for a four years' course.



NATHANIEL AMBROSE



WELDON BLODGETTE

WELDON BLODGETTE. "Napoleon." School reporter. Drummer for Artificial Ice Company of Iceland.

He is Rowley's greatest newspaper magnate. He manages to catch the 7.45 every morning for this burg, preferring to live with papa and mamma than to risk his historical resemblance by becoming a boarder here. "He don't belong to the regulars, he's only a volunteer."

His famous saying is, "Night falls yet never breaks, while day breaks but never falls." As his name suggests he is well done. His favorite remark: "If you pay my fare, I won't put the score in the newspaper." A celebrated song has been written entitled, "That little old brown coat that Blodgette wears."

Although we don't see as much of Weldon as our other classmates, we find him a quiet, unassuming and well-liked fellow. Napoleon hopes to honor the University of Maine with his presence next fall.

GARDNER SANFORD.
PHILIP LORD CALDWELL.

SALUTATORY

"Welcome, Friends, the class of 1907 extends to you a most cordial welcome.

"As this is the last day that we shall be together in this school, let us try to make it the brightest and happiest of the year; let us this day forget the bonds of friendship that shall remain imperishable and though at times our hearts be heavy let us think only of the joys of the moment and the pleasures now at hand.

"We are about to enter upon a new period of our careers, and yet not altogether new, for most of us shall continue in some higher institution of learning. The year that is past has been a most prosperous one, and we feel well equipped to cope with whatever lies before us. We know not what that blind goddess on the rolling wheel has in store for us, but whatever it may be, let us be prepared to meet it openly and fearlessly.

"Today we are just emerging from the kindergarten in the school of life. Let us carry the principles we have learned here to those higher schools, where our life will be broader and deeper.

"That we may look back upon this day with fond recollection, we bid you to share with us in whatever pleasures you may find. We bid you listen to our simple story, to our hopes, and to our ambitions, and as the day wears on, join with us in hearty fellowship.

"Friends, this is our day and to all we have we bid you welcome."

TRUE PATRIOTISM.

You have all heard of the patriot, who when the call to arms resounds leaves plough in field and shoulders his musket. But let us turn our attention to the patriot who wins his laurels not upon the battlefield but in the everyday walks of life.

Our war patriots have received great glory and honor in the recent wars. Their deeds of bravery and self-sacrifice are firmly imbedded in the minds of us all. Yet their no less patriotic brothers have not been overwhelmed with adulation. It is of these that I am about to speak.

First there are those writers who in times of war have done much, both to encourage our soldiers and to pacify those at home, and in times of peace have been no less active in inculcating their patriotic sentiments. The preservation of many national relics has been due to the efforts of these authors, as in the case of the battleship Constitution which was saved from destruction by the poem "Old Ironsides." The able composer has the power to lead as he lists the minds of the people as easily as the horseman may guide his steed. As that famous composer once said, "Let me write the songs of the nation, and care not who makes its laws."

The true patriot will find an immense field of action open before him if he will but simply direct his endeavors toward the settlement of the many political problems which are at present harassing our government. Of the men who at present hold the reins of our government in their hands, altogether too many make it their aim to better their own welfare before that of their country.

Hobson in the Spanish-American war, by placing himself face to face with death, was praised and glorified by the entire nation. But what

more did Hobson do than many of our doctors have done, who, in studying the germs of contagious diseases have risked their lives to prevent the spread of these plagues. Many of our young and prosperous scientists have lost their lives in thus serving their country. I have in mind the case of Walter Reed, a young physician who went to the tropics to study the infectious mosquito. While there he allowed himself to be bitten by them, for the purpose of discovering which ones carry the infection. As a consequence of these bites he lost his life. Should not this hero be considered as great a patriot as Hobson, Grant or Putnam?

When our nation meets with any great disaster such as the conflagration of town or city or the loss of lives and property by earthquakes every man is called upon to show his patriotism. We should hold ourselves in readiness to respond to any call to aid our country in times of trouble. In the case of the great San Francisco disaster, the immediate response in supplies and money showed that the spark of true patriotism was aglow in the hearts of our citizens. No less patriotic is the poor man who gives his dollar than the millionaire who gives thousands. Mr. Spreckles, the sugar king, proved himself a national benefactor by his great gifts of money and his untiring endeavors to relieve the suffering.

The most pitiable and disgraceful feature of the whole affair was the many cases of graft and robbery which took place at a time when men were brought close together by a common misfortune. The man who would seize the opportunity to gain wealth by preying upon his fellows at such a time should be hunted down by every American who considers himself a true patriot.

These are but a few of the many ways in which the true American can show that he holds his country's welfare before his own. It is not necessary to don a uniform and march to battle under the stars and stripes to show our patriotism, for if we possess the true love for our country and keep our eyes open we shall discover thousands of ways close at hand, by which we can become patriotic citizens and an honor to our nation.

PHILIP LORD CALDWELL.

CLASS HISTORY

Contrary to the usual condition of things, we arrived on the Dummer Campus last fall, almost unknown to each other. We therefore have no past history as a class, but instead our history is that of individuals.

Ingalls was here two years ago, but last year attended Lynn High School, returning this year to finish his preparatory course.

Cole has been enrolled here for the last three years.

Caldwell spent the first three years of his course at Haverhill High School, as did Sanford at the Dorchester High School.

Moseley was here last year, his former years being spent at the Boston Latin School.

Blodgette has been the only member of the class who has been here the entire four years.

Croston began his course at Haverhill High, but for the last two years has been enrolled here.

Ambrose has been a student here for the past two years, while the year previous he was a member of the Yonkers High School.

Redfern has been here for four years, with the exception of last year, when he studied at the DeMerritte School.

The members of the class who were here last year were overjoyed to learn that Mr. Ryther would be principal for the ensuing year. On coming to school last fall we all settled down to hard work. One of the most enjoyable functions which we attended during the year was the Alumni dinner at the American House, Boston, on March 1st.

We must not forget, however, the delightful party and collation which Croston so generously gave us. Then, too, our Senior table in the dining-room, formed in the middle of the year, with Master Ryther at the head, has been the scene of very enjoyable times. This has been the only means of bringing us together in a body with the exception of a few class meetings and it has done a great deal toward making us the compact body that we should be.

We have received the respect and admiration due to us from the under-classmen, and even when we sported our class-canes, all paid us due reverence. We have tried to set a good example to the under-classmen, and believe that we have been successful. We have chosen for our class colors brown and white. Our motto is "Non palma sine labore." Our class flower is the buttercup.

Ingalls spent the summer summering at Swampscott by the sea, going down to Boston occasionally to scrape the scales off. Croston, Cole and Caldwell kept the red lights burning in Haverhill. Ambrose was true to old Byfield, but made daily trips to Boston to show Ginn & Company how to do business.

Down in Rowley, Blodgett kept the Boston Globe informed of the unimportant doings in that town. Moseley kept a summer camp lively in New Hampshire, and Sanford found a farm in Fairhaven to his liking. Redfern went over and did Europe.

As regards athletics, we have made a good showing, having a large number on all the teams. Besides we had the foot ball and baseball captaincies. Equally well has been our standing in our studies. We have all made good records, and one of our class has led the school throughout the year.

Besides these honors we won two prizes out of the three in the prize speaking contest. We have held important offices, such as, editor-in-chief and business manager of the Archon, as well as numerous positions on the Archon staff, president of the Forum, secretary of the Athletic Association, and three members on the executive committee of that organization.

This year there has been but one thing which has marred our happiness, and that has been the resignation of Master Ryther as Principal. Now that our school year is at an end, we look with heavy hearts upon leaving the old Academy, but we shall ever cherish in fond recollection the happy days, passed under Master Ryther's kindly guidance, and we are all united in proclaiming him a just and noble man, and the best Master it has been our good fortune to meet.

F. RUSSELL MOSELEY.

GARDNER SANFORD.

CLASS MOTTO

“Non palma sine labore”

CLASS COLORS — Brown and White

CLASS FLOWER — Buttercup

CLASS POEM

Nine of us have gathered,
On this Commencement Day;
Nine of us would like to have
This day, years away.
For we hate to leave behind us,
This school so true, so dear,
This school which we have honored,
And cheered throughout the year.

We've studied in her class-rooms,
We've sat beneath her shade,
We've paddled o'er her waters,
And in her games we've played.
But we've no time to ponder,
For life's work has just begun,
And in this throng of millions,
We have our race to run.

Classmates, let us remember,
That in the years to come,
Wherever life may take us,
Under the rolling sun,
That when the name of “Dummer,”
Comes sounding in our ears,
Each man of “nineteen-seven,”
Must give her one long cheer.

NATHANIEL AMBROSE.
DONALD REDFERN.

CLASS PROPHECY

I had been in business in Boston for nearly twenty years, without taking a vacation, not even a day, since it was my policy to put work before pleasure (a custom which I had acquired while at Dummer), when a great desire to try my new air-ship, the "Bear," so overcame me, that I could not resist the temptation. So, after having the ship put in readiness, I set sail for N'b'port to look at familiar scenes and to see if the town had yet become a city.

I hovered over Market Square for a few minutes, looking up State street and recalling the many nights that we had waited on the corner for the last car. Finally, wishing for a better view, I decided to land. The minute I did so, I was surrounded by a crowd of spectators who had never seen an air-ship, N'b'port being such a country place.

From out of the crowd came a man, whom I at once recognized as my old class-mate, "Napoleon" Blodgette. He had a pencil behind his ear, and a block of paper in his hand, in quest of news, as he always was at Dummer. We recalled old Dummer days and he told me of his experiences since the spring of 1907.

After leaving Dummer, he had taken a scientific course at Seabrook Seminary, and on graduating from there was offered and had accepted an excellent position on the "Leader," as reporter, rumor-chaser and writer of puffs. To this last I have no doubt he was especially adapted, for he had practiced a good deal on the ball-players while in school.

As a result of his success in this position he was appointed puff-writer on the N'b'port "World," at a high salary, a position which he held when I met him. He then asked me to prolong my vacation of a day to two weeks or a month, if necessary, in order that we might look up our other class-mates. If he had not added that last clause, I do not think that I would have consented, but I did want to see my old friends after so many years of separation.

We sailed out around Dummer, and landed on the Campus. We failed to see anyone for a while, being slightly dizzy owing to the speed with which we had travelled from N'b'port (which was something like a fraction of a minute), but just as we got our bearings, a man, bent over and wearing glasses came out of the school-building, walking with the aid of the class-cane. We at once recognized him to be Arthur H. Cole, the valedictorian of our class, and the best student in school.

We learned from him that after graduating from Dummer, and before taking any college examinations, the Trustees, knowing of his great ability in the ancient languages, and the purpose of this Academy to have world-wide educators as instructors, had elected him professor of Latin and Greek for the beginning of the next school term. We asked him to accompany us on the search for our '07 classmates, to which he readily consented. He had just given his pupils a lesson which required two weeks preparation, so that he could easily spare the time.

From Dummer we journeyed to Dorchester, where Sanford lived while he was our fellow-student at South Byfield. Just as we stepped on the veranda of his house, a lady came to the door, and while we were making ourselves known, tears came to her eyes. We asked ourselves why San-

ford's mother should be crying. Nobody ever cried while he was around unless some laughed to death.

She said his mother was away, and that she was his wife. Think of it! Duke's wife! And the three of us had never thought of marrying. Upon inquiring why Duke did not appear, she explained to us the sad situation. It seems that Duke had been experimenting a number of years to invent a smokeless tobacco, so that when his son should attend Dummer he would not need to slip off back of the ice-house to have a quiet smoke.

In the last experiment he had carelessly mixed smokeless powder with the smokeless tobacco. All that was left to tell the tale was a hole in the roof. This mournful story of our lost class-mate put us all on the verge of tears. Tendering her our heartfelt sympathy, we departed.

On the way to the ship, Cole bought a newspaper. On the front page was an article on a certain F. R. Moseley, formerly of Brookline, now head of a great clothing trust in New York. It was doubtless our old class-mate and the news certainly was a surprise to us. We decided to journey out to see him and have him join our party. We had almost reached New York, when we spied under us a number of tents, which we decided was a circus. So we dropped down and attended the show.

We took the best seats that could be found. When the performance was about half over, a large, fat clown, about as broad as he was tall, appeared and began to turn somersaults. We thought nothing of it, until he began to sing, and then, imagine our surprise, when we recognized the voice as belonging to Donald Redfern. We tried to attract his attention during the exhibition, but failed to do so. However, we hunted him up afterward. He was glad to see us and told us that when he left Dummer, after his six years' course there, he entered the University of Swampscott on certificate.

He then took a position in Roger Brothers' circus as substitute clown, in which position he was at least sure of three square meals a day. We made arrangements with the management to let Silver Heels go off with us, and this pleased Don immensely. Then we started again on our quest for "Mose." Upon locating his beautiful mansion on the Hudson, we were ushered into his reception room, where we learned that "Russ" still had his habit of lying abed mornings.

After waiting tediously for about half an hour, I was appointed to wake him up, using my old method of the water-cure. After we had succeeded in arousing him, we found that he was very much pleased to see us. While discussing with him our plans, he asked us to change from our airship to his submarine boat, for he thought he would find "Bunny" Caldwell in South Africa, working in a diamond mine. We sent Bunny a wireless message so that he might have time to change his corduroys.

He met us at the landing, and conducted us to his villa in the mountains. We spent a very enjoyable evening with him and the next morning while we were sitting out on the porch, who should come up the path but "Natty" Ambrose. He had his gun over his shoulder and wore a hunting coat. He had been off hunting big game in the mountains—a thing which had always been his highest ambition.

We asked him what luck he had had, and as usual, he had seen a great deal of good game, but not near enough to shoot at. As it was a fine day I had Nat take me off for a little sport. It was certainly funny to hear

him say as he used to do, "The other day I saw a big one here," or "We ought to see one just over this hill." On that little hunt, of course, we didn't get anything except a good appetite.

When we returned, "Pete" gave us a good dinner of cereal, which had continued to be his chief food. The only one left for us to find now to complete our party, was our lady friend, "Georgianna" Croston. Nat had to get back to America at once, as he could not stay away from his wife more than a week at the most. So we all started back together. When we landed in New York, we found our friend Croston in the Supreme Court, where he had been sued for breach of promise. We all got together and cleared him. Then we all boarded the air-ship again and sailed away to Concord to visit our old Principal, Mr. Ryther.

JOHN PALMER INGALLS.

GEORGE HENRY CROSTON.

VALEDICTORY

THE MAN FOR THE CRISIS

Notwithstanding all the accomplishments of the human race in science, literature and art during the past few years and the advancement of mankind in all branches of civilization and in all conditions of society, there remains one blot and stigma, standing clear and hideous, upon our records,—the enormous loss of life through accidents and unfortunate occurrences. Do you say that this is a necessary result of our modern inventions? Then you say the good Lord who loves and rules us, has given into our hands a red-hot poker with which to sport and play. Surely if we can devise machines, we can govern them. But it is not my intention to go into the discussion of safety-appliances and speed-laws or try to advise the Railroad Commission as to their manner of procedure; I wish to call to your attention the petty accident which causes the loss of but one or two lives. As you have no doubt noticed in the daily newspapers, the number of drowning fatalities and of losses of life in fires increases yearly and now with a conventional tone and almost amused expression, you hear it said, "Well there's only six deaths on the front page this morning!" In a great measure this enormous catalogue of misfortunes and losses is caused by carelessness but the prompt action which should atone for carelessness is what I wish to bring before you.

Our actions may be divided into three classes,—those which we have planned and considered before hand, those which are natural or habitual and those framed in the mind on the spur of the moment and carried through with immediate decision. The first division is undoubtedly clearly understood by everybody. They are our common every day actions, going in when it rains and eating when the time is proper. The second class of actions however is more difficult to explain. Perhaps some examples may help. When a bright light suddenly shines near us, we close our eyes and shield them with our hands. We do it instinctively and partly through force of habit. When one sees an automobile close upon him, he jumps to one side. He does it naturally and without thought. The actions of the last division are very seldom seen and are the hardest to execute correctly.

For instance, not every man knows what should best be done when a fire breaks out in a barn. Some stand about idle, watching the flames, and wait for something marvellous and even miraculous to happen. But he who, taking in the situation at a glance, rushes to rescue the imprisoned horses, is the man we admire. The Man for the Crisis is the one who stands conspicuous among his fellows.

He is a hero of as great merit as the soldier who volunteers to risk his life in battle and compares well with the leader of the forlorn hope. He oftentimes endangers his life for the sake of his fellow-man whereas the soldier fights for his country from a sense of duty and a zeal for glory; for a human being, perhaps unknown and of no consequence to him the former takes his life in his hand wherever he may be.

Older people will readily acknowledge the greatness of this faculty of instantaneous action. Undoubtedly they have known of and even seen instances where delay would have meant fatality, where hesitation would have brought death. Every once in a while a man will show himself such a hero so nobly fearless and all sufficient. You read of them in history, you hear of them in the papers and opposite them you see the name of the seemingly cowardly, though really bewildered steamship captain who deserts his charges upon the sinking vessel. How much we honor the former and Oh! how much we despise the latter! And once the latter is cast down in the public's eye for his deficiency, can he regain his former place in our esteem? I think not.

One of the best incidents of very great pluck occurred not very long ago in a Massachusetts town where a man saved the lives of over thirty people after endangering them. At a certain place in the track of an electric road there is a steep hill at the foot of which there is a grade crossing. Down the incline came a heavy-laden car at a slow rate. The rail strewn with newly fallen leaves was slippery and when the motorman tried to check the car a little way down the hill, he found it impossible. The electric gaining momentum rushed on and the brake would not work. Along the railroad sped a train seemingly destined to reach the crossing at the same time as the electric car. But no! the motorman seeing the danger rose to the occasion. He turned on the power to full speed and down tore the car breaking the gates and crossing the track just in front of the engine. A few seconds later in taking the action and a collision could not have been averted.

In drowning accidents a cool headed person can do much good by directing and encouraging those in like predicament. When a canoe or boat overturns, he may often save the lives of his comrades.

So also throughout the world the man who rises to the crisis, who is ready at the crucial moment, is the man praised and honored among his fellow-creatures. He has the esteem of us all, the trust and love of his friends and a wholesome self-respect.

Should we, just entering the broad world of experience, not try to prepare ourselves for such emergencies? Indeed, it is essential to our welfare that we be ready for the ordeal. This is one aim of our athletics in preparatory school. People may rave and fume over the evils and dangers of football, yet the fact remains that there more than in any other sport, immediate and sure action is requisite. You see a runner carrying the ball break through the line and start to sprint for the goal. You are within

diving distance. Then you must tackle the man without hesitancy, before he can gain impetus and cover any ground. A moment's delay may mean the loss of your chance, perhaps the scoring of a touchdown and even defeat. Again, in the game of basket ball, new and unique conditions arise in every contest and in the national game of baseball, in an amateur team, new plays ever present themselves. For example the short-stop receives a grounder with a man on base. The batter and base runner both start and the question where to best throw the ball arises. Instantaneous solution is necessary. So throughout sports the principle of ever-readiness is the mainstay. By them development of the mind as well as the body may be secured and experience for more important occasions received. Let us therefore train ourselves and be as fit and ready as possible to fill in the breach of danger and to help our fellow-beings.

To the Master.

To you, sir, on behalf of the graduating class, let me offer our congratulations on the growth, spirit and increasing influence of this institution to whose welfare you have so zealously devoted your energies. To your efforts we owe our organization as a class, our activities and our many pleasant recollections. To your endeavors the success of our varied undertakings here this year is due. Let it be enough to say that we shall remember you in years to come with respect and gratitude for your guidance and help in starting us on our dangerous voyage.

To the Honorable Board of Trustees.

Gentlemen of the Board of Trustees:—we know that you have supported and controled the welfare of this Academy, guarding her material interests and guiding her to prosperous ends. We wish to thank you for your aid to our efforts and for your interest in our activities. We hope that you will continue in your hitherto successful course and please future classes with your ever readiness to support any scheme for the good of the Academy.

To the Faculty.

Gentlemen of the Faculty:—now that we realize that no longer can we sit at your feet as students, we begin to appreciate the worth of that daily intercourse. We have learned to respect and honor you, not because of your authority, but heartily, because, face to face, we have recognized your sterling worth and manly qualities, your learning and abilities, and our helplessness without guidance. We have felt, too, your sympathy with all our student interests, and the wisdom and consideration with which you have met a class of fellows so hard to please. I hope we all leave the better and wiser because of our contact with superior worth.

To the Undergraduates.

Members of the Undergraduate Body:—We hope that this year which, I trust has been of value and full of pleasure, will always be fresh in your memories; that when we have separated and gone to all quarters of the earth, the Dummer spirit of "Try your hardest" and "Stick to it" will buoy you to success, while your mind may never grow weary of recalling the good times of the year of '07.

To the Class.

Class Mates:—How full of sweet remembrances is the year which we have spent together! Much we have lost which now in vain we regret. Much we have achieved and henceforth we must render account of our stewardship. Do we realize that as is the measure of privilege so is the measure of responsibility?

What that privilege has been comes to us with amazing force in these last few moments when we cannot look forward to meeting one another in the fall, when we separate never again to unite into so close a friendship as now, for each will have interests different from those of the other and no simple, wholesome unit of thought which now pervades us will ever return. Let us profit by our experience gathered here, let us make good use of our acquired knowledge both of books and of the world and let us be ready when the test comes to act rightly and without hesitation.

And now, there remains but the last brief word of farewell, words we have so often spoken though never at so auspicious a moment. Common-place? Yes, but always with a new sadness. No amount of experience can make parting painless, nor give us words for what we feel. How much of memory, how much of hope is bound up in those two short syllables,—“fare-well”! We look back with sweet recollections, we look forward with anticipation of pleasant things. The past is delightful, the future enticing. Let us enter the larger, broader world before us with a firm resolve to do our best with what God has given us.

The last hour has struck. With minds full of charming thoughts, with steadfast friendship for one another, with hearts straining for the noble and good,—so go we forth, and Godspeed.

ARTHUR HARRISON COLE.





Graduation Events



AMBROSE PRIZE SPEAKING CONTEST.

The Ambrose Prize Speaking Contest was held on Friday evening, June seventh, in the Gymnasium. There were eight participants with a wide range of selections. The Mandolin and Banjo Club, Mr. David H. Hilliard of Haverhill, violinist, and Mr. George I. Pettengill, vocalist, furnished music.

The judges secured for the occasion were R. E. Burke, Esq., and E. R. Williard, Superintendent of the Schools of Newburyport, and Rev. T. Frank Waters of Ipswich.

The program was:—

Selection by Banjo, Mandolin Club.

“The Red Rover.”

“The Traitor’s Deathbed.”

G. Lippard

MERRILL CULLITON.

“Napoleon the Little,” *Victor Hugo*

NATHANIEL AMBROSE.

Violin Solo.

DAVID HILLIARD.

“Lasca,” *F. Desprez.*

ARTHUR H. COLE.

McGregor’s Defense *Walter Scott.*

G. A. ADAMS.

“Affairs in Cuba,”

John M. Thurston.

JUAN E. GOMEZ.

Banjo Solo—“A Blushing Rose.”

G. I. PETTENGILL.

“Impeachment of Warren Hastings.” *Edmund Burke.*

F. RUSSELL MOSELEY.

“The Call to Arms.” *Patrick Henry.*

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON, JR.

“The Black Horse and His Rider.”

G. Lippard.

JOHN PALMER INGALLS.

Baritone Solo—“Good Night, Little Girl, Good Night.”

G. I. PETTENGILL.

Arthur H. Cole won first prize, twenty-five dollars, Juan E. Gomez, second, fifteen dollars, and F. Russell Moseley, secured third prize, ten dollars.

BACCALAUREATE SERVICE.

The one-hundred and forty-fourth Baccalaureate Service of Dummer Academy was held at the Congregational Church, Byfield, Sunday afternoon, June ninth, 1907, at half past three o’clock. The North Church Quartette of Haverhill furnished music, accompanied by Mr. Hayden Bosworth Harris, organist.

Rev. Dewitt S. Clark, D. D. of the Tabernacle Church of Salem, Mass., preached a very able, interesting sermon on “The Compulsion of Doubt,” treating the subject in many lights and with great argument.

The order of service was:—

Organ, “Berceuse et Priere”

Guilmant

MR. HARRIS.

Doxology.

Invocation.

REV. H. E. LOMBARD.

Anthem, “In Heavenly Love Abiding,” *Horatio Parker*

Soprano Solo and Quartette.

Responsive Reading.

MASTER RYTHUR.

Choir Hymn, “They That Sow in Tears,” *Gaul.*

(from the “Holy City.”)

Scripture.

REV. DEWITT S. CLARK.

Duett, “Crucifix,” *Faure.*

MR. GOUDREAU, MR. ZINK.

Prayer.

REV. H. E. LOMBARD.

Offertory, “Gloria,” *Buzzi-Peccia.*

MRS. RAY.

Congregational Hymn.

Sermon, "The Compulsion of
Doubt," John X; 24.

REV. DEWITT S. CLARK, D. D.

Congregational Hymn.

Quartette, "The Radiant Morn

Hath Passed Away," Woodward
Benediction.

Organ, "Magnificat."

MR. HARRIS.

PICNIC.

Although the weather was poor and a rain threatened, at eleven o'clock sharp congenial "Billy" Bray drove up with his spirited four-in-hand and tally-ho. Mr. Pettengill gave a blast on his bugle and all assembled, twenty in number, including eight seniors. The matrons who took care of the good ones were Mrs. S. C. Ingalls and Mrs. E. J. Caldwell and the masters who took in hand the unruly were Messrs. Ryther and Pettengill.

Soon all were seated and although some of the seats were crowded the fellows did not seem to care. With a grand shout away we went, the start of one of the best times of the graduation. The ride did not seem long, for when one is in good company time flies and before we realized it, halt! we were at Baldpate. The ride had given us all sharp appetites and with alacrity we sat down to one of "Billy's" famous chicken dinners. That the repast was excellent and nicely served was the verdict of every one present. That it was eagerly devoured, is included in the former statement, being a natural result.

When we were in such a condition that eating seemed an unimportant thing, we went about admiring Mr. Bray's fine, little estate, inspecting his ample barn and partaking in the pleasures of his swing. The weather although far from stormy was a bit raw and indoor entertainment

seemed more enticing. The swing was abandoned for the delights of the dancehall. Several dances were run off to music furnished by Mr. Pettengill. How many of those present have forgotten that Virginia Reel? What a time! But this pleasure could not last forever, so at four o'clock we set off for Dummer, cheering and singing.

The fair damsels who helped the seniors enjoy this trip were—Misses Alice Pearl, Helen Martin, and Elma Hussey of Haverhill, Mary Ingalls, Bessie Haskell, Edna Stocker of Swampscott, Dorothy Morse of Brookline and Helen Usher of Newburyport.

GRADUATION EXERCISES.

The eleventh of June dawned bright and clear, seeming a special gift of Providence to the seniors. All was jollity from sun-rise till the wee hours of the next day.

Everybody was busy in the morning that all might be in readiness for the exercises. Ten o'clock found a goodly crowd gathered on the campus and the speaking commenced, the porch of the schoolhouse, artistically decorated in brown and white, the class colors, being used as the platform and holding the nine seniors and Master Ryther. Salutatorian Caldwell began by giving everybody a hearty welcome and continued by giving us a fine oration on "True Patriotism." Moseley followed with his comprehensive, and interesting history, winning much applause especially because of his forcible voicing of our feeling toward Mr. Ryther. After a selection by the orchestra, Ambrose recited his excellent Class Poem. We doubt if Dummer ever had so fine a verse with which to adorn Class Day exercises. Sanford furnished much merriment for us all by the witty yet clever statistics,

which he, with the aid of Caldwell composed. The orchestra gave us a timely, catchy selection after which Ingalls read his very interesting prophecy, hitting the fellows in many ways. Valedictorian Cole, then gave his oration, "The Man for the Crisis" and finished with his valedictory proper.

Master Ryther spoke a few words of advice to the Senior Class and distributed the diplomas. His short speech was full of love for the class of '07 and of anxiety and hearty good wishes for their future careers.

President Ingalls ended the exercises by presenting to the school, on behalf of the Senior Class, two busts, one each of Cicero and Ceasar. These are life size and furnished with beautiful supports. They will be hung in Sargent Hall in the School-house as an ever present reminder of the glorious class of 1907.

ALUMNI DINNER.

Under the auspices of the Sons of Dummer, an excellent banquet was served in the Gymnasium at half past one. During the repast the Pentucket orchestra of Haverhill furnished music.

When all had had sufficient, Hon. Alden P. White, as toastmaster, made a fine introductory speech on his connection with Dummer and called upon Arthur H. Cole of the Senior Class to represent the graduates. In response Mr. Cole spoke of the past year as seen from the student's view point and of the renewed activities of old Dummer.

Mr. Nathan N. Withington was called upon as the oldest of the graduated alumni present. He spoke of his many happy days at Dummer under Master Henshaw, when there was no such equipment as now.

J. H. Cogswell of Essex was the

next speaker, talking with fervor upon the days when he wandered over the fields around about and studied in the old classrooms.

The toastmaster then called on the orchestra to play "Waiting at the Church," that beautiful little symphony of Bach or Mozart, as he said, and the seniors joined in at the chorus. J. H. Morse followed, speaking upon the need of a first-class cinder-track and athletic field and calling upon alumni and graduating class for pecuniary aid. Pres. Fred M. Ambrose of the trustees also addressed the assembly upon the same subject.

The awarding of the Moody-Kent prizes followed and resulted as follows:—

Ancient languages, Arthur H. Cole, first prize; William Murphy, honorable mention.

Modern languages, Richard Tomblen, first, Donald Redfern, honorable mention.

English, Louis Kirk, first, Walton Meader, honorable mention.

History, William Murphy, first, George H. Croston, honorable mention.

Mathematics, Arthur R. Young, first, Walton Meader, honorable mention.

Science, Gardner Sanford, first, Philip L. Caldwell, honorable mention.

A new rule has been made this year, that one fellow shall receive but one prize, a ruling caused by a seeming monopoly in the past two years. The prizes this June were ten dollar gold pieces, whereas previously they have been but five dollar ones.

James H. Ropes, ex-President of the Trustees, concluded the speaking by a short address upon the doings of the board during the past year and of his past connection with Dummer.

JUNE BALL.

The grandest, most enjoyed dance of the year was held on the evening of Class Day, June eleventh. The hall was daintily trimmed with crimson and white, the school colors, mixed with brown and white, our Senior Class colors. At the upper end of the hall, a fine Dummer insignia was surrounded by electric lights and at the lower end of the hall D. 1907 A., was displayed, the D. and A. in red bulbs while the 1907 was in white.

The front lawn was lighted up with blue, red and white electric lights strung in lines; making the way to the car brightly illuminated.

At half past eight the Pentucket orchestra rendered its opening selection and the dance was on. The usual presentation to the matrons, Mrs. M. E. Redfern, Mrs. E. J. Caldwell and Mrs. S. C. Ingalls, was first attended to. Then the dancing proper commenced. The Social Committee provided the best dance order ever seen at Dummer Academy, leather bound and decorated with the Dummer seal.

After half the order was completed, fifteen dances, refreshments were served in the Commons, creams and sherberts of various kinds, all sorts of cake and fancy crackers, and coffee.

After a prolonged intermission dancing was resumed but before the first two-step was completed the electric lights which had hitherto so grandly illuminated the hall, went out and all efforts to mend the engine were futile. Luckily Messrs. L. and H. Lennox of Lynn, were here with their large touring car. They had it run up so that the lights shed their rays in the door. One lamp was taken inside the hall and this with the aid of two or three kerosene lights for the orchestra made it possible for dancing to con-

tinue. At about three o'clock the list of dances was completed and we all were somewhat glad of it for "enough is enough."

The affair was a success in every particular for which the Social Committee, Messrs. Caldwell, Moseley and Ingalls, were largely responsible.

Among the guests who helped us have the fine time that we did were: Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Dodge of Newburyport, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ambrose, Mr. and Mrs. Edward B. Sanford, and Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Degan of Byfield, Mr. and Mrs. Fred M. Ambrose of Yonkers, N. Y., Mrs. C. E. Meader and Mrs. J. H. Lennox of Lynn, Miss Helena M. Cole and Mrs. F. Hussey of Haverhill, Miss Elizabeth Cuseck of Newburyport.

Misses Dorothy Morse of Brookline, Mary Ingalls, Edna Stocker, and Bessie Haskell of Swampscott, Fanny Warbridge of Bennington, Vt., Marion Lane of Wakefield, Marion Pingree and Mary Caldwell of Byfield, Alice Copp and Gladys Blodgett of Rowley, Helen Brown of South Dakota, Annie Morse, Helen Usher, Mary Jones, Marion Lovett, Ethel Kimball, Marion Gould, Helen Fernald, Bertha Houston and Agnes Langdon of Newburyport, Dorothy Hannan, Priscilla Phelan, Bertha Frazier, and Hattie Williams of Lynn, Helen Martin, Elma J. Hussey and Beryl Boody of Haverhill, and Alice Pearl and Marion Briggs of Bradford.

Messrs. John B. Shearer of No. Grafton, Thomas Quinn and Charles Fuller of Salem, Milton Flynn of Haverhill and Arthur Hutchinson of Cherryfield.

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ARCHON STAFF, 1907



THE ARCHON

*Published Monthly in the Interest of the
Students of Dummer Academy*

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The readers and subscribers of this paper will be doing it a favor if they will patronize its advertisers and mention the fact that they saw the advertisements in THE ARCHON.

Seven regular issues of the Archon have come out and this is the eighth, the last, the Senior number. We have endeavored to run the paper to fit the seasons and their respective sports. The Fall number, our first emanation, with a timely cover, but containing less matter than the rest, was followed by the Football number. This number is spiced up by two snappy stories, "On Edge" and "A Slight Mistake" and by the interesting statistics of the football players. The January issue was especially good on account of the story, "A Trip West" and the poem "Guns vs. Burglars." The mid-winter, the historical number we consider our best and "The Magician's Tale" and the last part of "Ranch Life" helped make it interesting. In the basket-ball issue Mr. Murphy begins his interesting and instructive article on Porto Rico which is completed in the nature or April number. Some questions have been raised as to the meaning of the cover of this last issue. It is to represent the evolution of the frog from eggs to full growth. "Tuskegee" and "William Butts, Mascot," are good articles for perusal, both in this spring issue. Our last, the base-ball number contains much of value of which "A Battle Experience" is the best. In all our issues we have used about thirty cuts, not including cover designs

and department headings. These last two have all been designed and drawn by our artist Beck. The literary department has contained about forty different articles of which about fifteen have been stories. The editorials have been varied, the locals, spicy, the social items, well written and the athletic department, interesting. The alumni part has been especially good. Through the kindness of friends we have had several articles about former masters and old times. The exchange column shows how great is our circulation among like publications. Taking it altogether, we are not ashamed to say that it is better than we ever expected and that we are glad we put our efforts into it.

When the announcement that Master Sprague had resigned, we thought that surely Dummer was destined to a hard fate. Anxiously we awaited the opening of school to see if the prophecies of increased enrollment were true. When we came such a crowd was on the campus as Dummer has not seen for many a day. The older fellows were all here and many new ones had arrived. Soon we became acquainted and work began.

The schedule of the school hours and of meals was changed and satisfaction in every way has resulted. The school hours were somewhat shortened but still gave plenty of time to each study. School began at quarter after eight and ended at one, with fifteen minutes recess. Lunch was served at quarter after one and dinner at half past five. This arrangement of meals may seem odd but they are very pleasing and beneficial, for a light lunch is a good preparation for the exercise of the afternoon and a heavier dinner a welcome meal after it.

Soon after the regular work began the athletic association was organ-

ized, which under the good guidance of President Lamson has conducted the business side of our sports. The managers of our several teams and its various committees have been elected, controlled and held to account with just severity and businesslike action.

The editor and business manager of the Archon had been chosen before the school started last fall by Master Ryther. They, with the help of the master, chose the rest of the staff with such skill that very few changes have been necessary. The paper has contained many interesting and instructive articles and as many stories as the fellows could invent. The business part of the paper has been ably managed by Mr. Croston. All expenses have been, since the first issue, promptly paid and much credit is due to the zeal and ability of the manager who can tell you where every cent has gone that has been received. Mr. Croston has been assisted in his labors by Mr. Lord.

The debating club, entitled the Forum, was soon called to order by Mr. Murphy, who with great patience and work started and fostered the society in its early days. Many interesting debates have been held in the chapel and much benefit has been derived by the members of the society and the school in general. Parliamentary rules have been strictly enforced and under President Caldwell we have learned much in that line.

The Social Committee chosen by the student body and composed of President Lord, Messrs. Lamson, Herbert and Ingalls, assisted by Miss Underhill have faithfully and energetically carried on their work, giving the fellows many good times in dances and private parties. Their affairs have always been successful and greatly enjoyed.

Although the social and athletic

sides of the school are perhaps foremost in the boy's mind yet deep down he has an interest in studies which he hates to acknowledge for fear of being called a "grind." His work goes on with his play and he is glad to get back to studying after a vacation. The scholarship this year has been as high as ever. The teachers have been exacting and the instruction thorough. The marks all the year have been high and as

seen by looking any month at the Honor Roll published in the Archon, the number above eighty per cent has been large.

The great awakening of Dummer in athletic, social, and the several other lines is largely due to the increase in numbers, for the average attendance has been about sixty-five scholars, of whom over forty-five boarded here.



REVIEW OF THE YEAR.

During the past year, Dummer has come forward in the eyes of her rival schools by her success in athletics. She has taken a brace and now we can command games with nearly any high school or minor academies.

In the fall, we started in with a vim that crowned our football team with glory. Through the able coaching of Mr. McTernan, the eleven won from every academy we met, some of whom have much larger enrollments than Dummer, and lost but twice, and both those times to Salem High School. The first game was a good one, the score being five to nothing in our opponents' favor. The second contest should not have been held when it was, for the night before we had danced until late and we were in no fit condition to play football. An overwhelming defeat resulted. On the whole, however, the football season was a good beginning toward raising the standard of Dummer among neighboring schools. The fellows who won D's in football were:—Moseley, Ingalls,

Cole, Sosa, Carver, Sanford, Lord, Dean, Lamson, Ambrose, Washington and Randall.

The basket-ball, with varied success, helped put Dummer in prominence. One of our best games was at Chelsea when, on a strange floor and with a new kind of basket, we lost by a good score, 16 to 15. Early in the season we journeyed to Haverhill whence we returned with heavy hearts. In the last game of the season, however, we repaid Haverhill High for our former discomfort. Dummer played her best game and won by a satisfactory score. Much credit is due Mr. French, who led us through the season, although at times rightly and with good cause discouraged. Dean, Ambrose, Cole, Carver, Ingalls, Young and Beck received their basket-ball D's.

The base-ball team was a sure success, winning from many first-class Boston teams on their own grounds. Here again, Mr. French, with his great experience in the sport, guided our efforts to most prosperous ends. The team, for the most part, worked together though, like all amateur teams, it had times

when ragged plays were numerous. Toward the end of the season, through press of school work and business preparatory to graduation, regular, hard practise could not be obtained from the fellows and the playing became inferior to that of the first of the spring.

The fellows who were fortunate enough and worthy of receiving D's for baseball are: Ambrose, Reilley, Washington, Dean, Hawks, Lam-

son, Banks, Curtis, Meader, Ingalls and Sanford.

Every team has finished its season, something which has not been done here for two years at least. This is partly due to the increased number of boys, but more to the enthusiasm inspired in the fellows by the teachers and Master Ryther, who has encouraged us in defeat and has been pleased when we returned victorious, something to strive for, indeed.



Alumni



My stay at old Dummer was very enjoyable indeed. At that time quite a number of students from Maine were at the Academy. Most of us hired rooms and boarded ourselves.

Batchelder, Hussey, Ferguson, my brother and myself hired rooms in the old Noyes house.

I distinctly remember my first night there. I made a call on two of the students, old friends of mine, and found them both at home, one of them very busily engaged in darning a pair of stockings. This same student is now a professor in a western college. We Maine boys became quite proficient housekeepers before we left Byfield.

The old Glen Mills supplied us with excellent Graham flour with which we made delicious rolls.

I remember one thing that happened while at Dummer which amused me very much. The students were in the habit of initiating each new student into their good graces and fellowship, by putting him through what they called the sweating process.

One new arrival was a young man seventeen years of age and six feet three inches tall.

One morning just before the bell rang, the initiating squad gathered around this young man for the purpose of performing the usual ceremony but contrary to the usual course this student refused to submit to the initiation.

He stood back to a picket fence and for a while kept the students back, for they stood in awe of those long arms. Finally John Pierce stealthily crept around behind him on the other side of the fence, put his arms through the pickets and around the victims waist holding him in a firm grip.

This was the signal for the others and they hustled around him like a swarm of bees and in almost the twinkling of an eye he was put through the sweating process and with much more vigor than was the usual custom because of his resistance.

I presume this ceremony is no longer used at Dummer. Students are more civilized now.

The ceremony was quite simple. The students was held in horizontal position and rapidly bumped against an elm tree; each leg of the victim on opposite sides of the tree.

J. P. BICKFORD.



ONE FOR EVERY ONE.

I'm game.

"Who'll go half response?"

We wonder if Kirk, the Breezy Westerner, was taken for a tenderfoot when he arrived in Cheyenne.

Puzzle.—Her, love, it, best. An Archon free for the person who makes the right combination of the above syllables. Answers must be sent in before June 1, '07.

Dean is posing as Billy, the boy-artist, in the latest comedy of Speareshakes, entitled, "All aboard for Concord."

The Cottage has had a new name since graduation—"Hen-house."

Cicero and Caesar didn't receive a very hearty welcome.

Did you notice Duke at the dance? Quite clumsy with the fair sex.

Croston:—Gee! my neck's stiff. I've got two boils and a cold-sore.

Silverheels Redfern makes a charming figure while gracefully going through the evolutions of the Virginia Reel.

As a result of his nocturnal repast in the dog-cart at Newburyport, Owen has gained one pound and seventeen and one-half ounces.

A. Young chauffeur tried to run

down Dummer with a new Oldsmobile.

Tomblen extended his vacation three days and got a prize. Moral: All things come to him who waits.

"Third Prize to F. Russell Moseley." Who'd a thunk it?

We understand that Baldwin Beola, Rich and Co., have disposed of their interests in the Kimball jewelry to P. S. Beck of New York.

They say that Adams is going to pile up what he did last summer.

Baldwin was all in after the dance. He didn't have gumption enough to see his young ladies off.

Booker T. Washington, Jr., the Patrick Henry of the Twentieth Century.

Gomez—"The Tin Soldier who fought and bled and died for his country."

It is Nat Ambrose's highest ambition to become chief operator in the Newburyport telephone exchange.

Nellie Gay left early to avoid the rustling of petticoats and the winsome smiles of our visiting sweetlings.

Vocal solo—"So Long, Mary."

Sung by George Lord. Columbia Record.

On the night of the dance, Bume was carried away with Annie Morse-ity.

"Johnnie on the Spot." Merrill Culliton at the 10.30 lunch.

Meader, where'd you get the bunch of crooks?

At last, Lannigan has leave to leave the campus.

Tough luck, Banks, when you had her dance order filled up.

Lennox Bros. Light furnished for dancing parties at short notice.

Two weeks on bounds, and not homesick. Jim Lennox.

Are all Pablo's infatuations "Pri"-meditated?

Did you hear those plaid-stockings?

Holbrook, the studious, seeking solitude, left the noisome Mansion House and settled on the third floor of the Commons. Hope he profited by the change.

Bunny, Bunny,

Why so funny!

What have you done

With the Seniors' money?

Dodge says not to roast him on his curly hair, his red stockings, his love for Lovett, his dark scowl, or his attempts at oratory; so we refrain.

Warning. All members of the gentle sex are hereby warned against Hawks, the heart-breaker.

We hear that Lamson was the chief attraction at the Salem game. He expects to enter the professional field in 2000 D. A.

Lost—A car for Dummer from Newburyport. Reward. One week campus-bound. Herman G. Curtis, Commons.

We learn that Ingalls is going to join the ranks of the Sons of Toil. Swampscott people take notice.

Grafter Cole is sore because the new regulation shuts him out of winning all the prizes this year.

Mr. Beola, after having completed his year's course in a very satisfactory manner, has decided to go abroad, accompanied by Professor Murphy. They will sail the twenty-ninth, from New York, on the Deutshland, and will travel in England, France, Spain, Italy and Germany. To make the summer more profitable, Beola will study French and Algebra on the way.

Orange and black hat bands are quite in evidence here.

Master Ryther, accompanied by F. Russell Moseley, will sail for Europe, July ninth, from Boston, on the Saxonia. They will spend two months travelling in the British Isles and on the Continent.

Professors French and McTer-nan will conduct a summer camp at Orleans on Cape Cod, called Camp Concord. We all wish them success.

Mr. C. S. Ingham, the master for next year, paid us a short visit during graduation.

Even sharks are found in Amesbury. Eh, Murphy?

The Senior Class of Dummer Academy wishes to thank the ladies of the Adelynrood society for the use of the beds which they so generously loaned us,

Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Ambrose for their assistance in various ways,

J. Lamson, Jr., for his aid in decorating the Gymnasium and his general usefulness during graduation,

The visiting young ladies who helped us put the Gym in festive array,

Messrs. J. H. and L. Lennox for their kindness in supplying us with illumination, and

Miss and Mrs. Underhill, Miss C. A. Dawson for their aid in making graduation a success.

CLASS OF 1907.

The honor roll for the year consists of: Cole, Tomblen, Murphy, Hilliard, S. Rogers, Sanford, Young, Adams, Banks, Blodgett, P. Caldwell, Carver, Croston, Gay, Hawks and Meader.

I desire to state that at June first every bill had been paid and that there was eleven dollars and seventy-five cents on hand then with a few dollars due. We hope to end the last issue square with everybody. We have not borrowed any money or received any gifts. An itemized report will be ready soon.

Signed,

GEORGE H. CROSTON,
Bus. Mgr.

FOILED.

While the jovial and mirth-seeking students of this noble and illustrious Academy were finding pleasure within her gala-trimmed halls and in her cosy nooks, dancing and chatting gayly with the fairest

damselfs that could be found near or far, there descended from the nearby hamlet a "wanton, man-defying horde of marauders," seeking mischief and finding it not. These "scoundrels armed to the teeth," with loud words and haughty gestures, depressed the spirits of the revelers by their unwanted presence and their scowling countenances. Happily they found little to seize and on questioning them we learned that their purpose was, to prevent the brilliancy of the occasion and the warm hearts of the participants from setting fire to the buildings, and to see if the sun rose at Dummer before it should.

Luckily this "herd of hirelings" had dispersed before morning, for prolonged attendance might have caused trouble.

But! imagine our surprise on learning that they were the lion-hearted constables of Byfield, despatched here by the Honorable Board of Trustees.



We wish to acknowledge with thanks the following exchanges:—The Calendar, Buffalo, N. Y.; The Mirror, Phillips Andover Academy, Andover, Mass.; The Authentic, Stoneham, Mass.; The Chronicle, Hartford, Connecticut; The Kent's Hill Breeze, Kent's Hill, Me.; The Review, Watertown, Mass.; The Bulletin, Lawrence, Mass.; The High School World, Topeka, Kansas; The Gazette, Lynn, Mass.; Dru-

ry Academe, North Adams, Mass.; The Messenger, Portland, Me.; The Tuskegee Student, Tuskegee, Ala.; The Crescent, New Haven, Conn.; The Review, Northampton, Mass.; The Hebron Semester, Hebron, Me.; The Maine Campus, Orono, Me.; The Journal, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.; The Tattler, Nashua, N. H.; The Orange and Blue, Milton Academy, Milton, Mass.; The Oracle, Bangor, Maine; The Philomath, Framingham, Mass.



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